at Dusk in a Lonely Wood

Ghostly Visitations.

women he sees in everyday life. He

vouches only for what it seemed he saw,

and THE DISPATCH, knowing him well,

trusts him implicitly. His explanation is

that it was an entirely subjective phenom-

Professor John Knowles Paine, of Harvard The Vision Encountered a Disbeliever in University, has completed the music of his Columbian march and chorus to be per-

HIS STORY AND HIS EXPLANATION What appears below is not the commo ghost story. The writer contends that he saw no ghosts; yet what he seemed to see

Of freedom, age on age shall consecrate. Let war and enmity forever cease,
Let glorious art and commerce banish
wrone:
The universal brotherhood of peace
Shall be Columbia's high inspiring song.

enon. He saw the phantom procession Among many misconceptions regarding with what he designates as temporarily defective or deranged cerebral action-a sort of waking dream. His is probably the real explanation of the apparitions that so frequently obtrude themselves and to people whose veracity is not to be questioned. They see, or are led to think they see, as he indicates, yet so distinctly and in such detail that they are compelled to believe that they see with the material eve.

The writer of what follows is inclined to think the tendency to these waking dreams, When all is known, there will be general if such they be, is due to some hereditary taint. He charges up this remarkable phantasm to heredity and cites a number of Notes Sung on the Cables, instances in the maternal side of his tamily of occult phenomena.

Previous Instances in the Family. His maternal grandfather declared on his deathbed that he saw the Savior enter the death chamber and described the vision to his sisters as "white as snow," with outstretched hand and smiling. It was phantasmic. Another sister of this grandfather and a son in Ithe War of 1812, fighting Inlians in western Ohio. On evening she said she saw this son approach her with a covering over his head and making peculiar gestures. She at once mourned him as dead and it afterward developed that the son had been found dead and scalped and with his hunting shirt covering his head, the covering evidently done by himself ere death ended his agony.

This and much more in the family traditions. The writer's mather an any extensions.

tions. The writer's mother, on more than her protesting intelligence, to strange visi-tations, and usually in open day. An instance may be given. The home farmhouse was a basement structure facing the east, It

had a high porch on the lower side.

It was about 3 P. M. on a summer day that the mother sat on the shady porch sewing. No other members of the family were about except two boys engaged in a nearby cornfield. A door from the rear of the house opened into the kitchen facing an opposite door that opened on the porch. Near the porch door a door opened into another apartment—an every day parlor.

Curious Case of Telepathy. While the woman was engrossed with her sewing, a pit-a-pat sound, as of bare feet, came across the kitchen floor and entered the parlor. The mother sat with her back toward the door and a little to one side of t, and continued sewing. Again came the not heard the boy go out. Directly another pit-a-pat and again into the parlor. The younger lad was prankish. She called him by name, no answer. Another call and no response. Being now assured that the boy was up to something that he thought was funny, she balt minute, she entered the room, explored

every place, other rooms, and finding nothing, went to the field, found the boys inno cently at work, and was told that neither had been at the house since dinner. The Cause of the Phenomenon, Well, date and time were kept, and in due season came the information that an aunt in Indiana, whose old home this had been, from an oil lamp spilling or explosion, which, was never known, was satally burned in her room and died in great agony on that afternoon, trying to speak but could

It is hard to explain. Coming down to the writer, this is not the first instance that occult phenomena have occured to him, although this is the first instance of anything of so weird and startlingly realistic a character. Of course, cases such as these cited may be

explained as mere coincidences, but how about the following, which is told by a of September 26, will present the "Isle of Champagne," which the management styles | man of veracity, common intelligence, fair champagne," which the management styles | education and inclined to be logical—a man a "comedy operatic speciacle," and for | who has no sort of belief in ghosts, who is perfectly confident that had another person been with him such person would have seen nothing, with the likelthood that he also would then not have been subjected to this most singular mental experience. Here is the story:

What I am about to narrate was an actual occurrence, and took place at a point less than 45 miles from Pittsburg no longer ago than March of the present year. It relate Manager Sedger has been losing heavily on what is generally claimed as falling within the lines of the supernatural, and it is so ngainst every grain of my mental makeup to admit even of a supernatural that for months I had decided to never make men-tion of this weird and most singular apparition. I now do so because in a man-ner I am not left to my own choice, and what I shall try to relate I have no way to adequately explain. I protest against doing what I am about to do, and I shall reserve to myself the right to conceal my name and identity with what still seems to me must be a most inexplicable hallu-

cination.
I am inclined to regard life as a phenome non that may rationally be accounted for and I can in no way see how what we call mind can be in and of itself, an entity and after bodily dissolution, preserve an intelligent identity.

A Procession of Apparitions. Yet, so far as ocular evidence can go, I have seen with the physical sight, with mortal eyes, not one only, but an entire procession of beings in human form, which, if they be not spiritual, were certainly not in the flesh, and what is most remarkable, and to me utterly unaccountable, is that the entire band of apparitions was concerned in the preliminaries for the rite of sepulture, I now think that my presence was, if not an intrusion, merely an incident, that what I witnessed had no external connection with myself, and that it had been better had

I not been a chance witness to it. But let me begin: I left my apartments toward evening on March 20 to walk a distance of two miles, to call on two young ladies, domiciled in a farm house, with whom I had an appointment to pass the evening. As is sometimes the case, I preferred that my visits there be not generally known, and on such occasions I let my quarters without making procesmation thereto. I chose a route which, while somewhat indirect, was unfrequented. Two parallel valleys, a half mile apart, with a high ridge between them, here make the face of the landscape. Each valley has

a road, and on the right hand valley road, going toward their source, two miles or so out, was my destination. Evidences of the Glacual Period.

I had chosen the road on the left, which I kept for a short distance, then obliqued to the right from it, gradually ascended the long sloping hillside and in a mile's distance made the summit. The region is in-

teresting by reason of its records of glacial sciion in the far back past, and at the end of two miles a narrow depression cross-cuts through the ridge from one side to the other, almost on a level and opposite which, on the tarther side of the right hand valley, is where the farmhouse mentioned is located. This cross-cut feature occurs no less than three additional times in the next four miles. Glacial boulders are scattered Weird, Spectral Procession Seen all along on this ridge which is narrow on top, zig-zsgs somewhat, has rises and falls and is part cleared and part timbered. In places, wide "draws" or ravines from the valleys come up the slopes to the summit, and one of the largest of these occurs on the right hand side, just before the cross-cut is reached. It is a large depression in the hill-side, leaving a projecting spur between it and the intersecting cut.

At this point the ridge, the slopes and the depressions are all timbered, a good deal being "second-growth" and brush, and the surface is well littered over with fallen for-est debria. As one reaches the cut-off in the ridge, the spur to the right toward the farm was as real to him as the figures of men and house, from the timber edge, slopes down gradually and is uniform and has been cul tivated. Farther down the slope, a pretty abrupt decline in reached which goes down to the valley level.

On the evening under consideration, a light snow lay on the ground, snowy clouds covered the sky and there was an occasional

light flurry.

Phantoms in Continents' Garb. I had gone along the route indicated, fol-lowing an indistinct trail, over which hauling had at some time been done, had climbed over a high staked and ridered rail-line tence in the woods and was just nearing the edge of the timber that marked the crest of the slope. It was just begin-ning to get dusk, but still light enough to see across the valley I was facing, when, all at once, I saw coming up the slope, al-most but not quite directly toward me, a procession! There was no mistake about it, it was a

clear and plain as if it had been the middle of the atternoon and in the first quick intant I knew it was not real. • In a flash, came the incongruity—the time, the place, the circumstances. The tread was to quick time, the heads rising

and falling in unison, in double rank and crossing my path on a slight oblique to my right—why it was to distinct that I could see the whites of their eyes as they came. I should say there were at least 40 of them, in somewhat open order, light, siry, noiseless tread, in Continental garb, the first six men of unusually fine forms and bearing between them black velvet covered coffin with silver bandles. Attire— Three-cornered hats, low reaching vests, military costs, knee-breeches, dark stockings and low-cut shoes with large silver-like buckles. But the faces were most remarkably noticeable. Brows with an impress or highest culture, or highest birth and breeding, classic rear-ures, good, clean-cut noses, fine bodily con-tour throughout, and looking as if into vacancy and straight ahead. All this in a few seconds. The rear of the procession was made of perhaps 12 or 14 figures in cloaks that seemed to cover the head, with a white bandage across the foreheads, altogether garbed as I have seen "sisters."

Fal ing in With the Gos. y Column. I swept all this in brief, but intense eagerness, such as only one with utter dis-belief in the spiritual could give. I watched the contact of the feet on the soft snow, no mark, no sound! I saw them glide into the timber, watched, if and how the forms met contact with the trees-no break in time or step, no attention to the obstacles! In the first moment I had determined to

tollow them into the growing gloom and the woods, come what would. And I did. Yes; I felt a strange sensation-an undefinable feeling as if of coming terror, a half way feeling to make outery with all

the force the lungs could summon-I could feel the blood leaving the surface of the body, so it seemed, and I thought I could feel the increased labor of the heart. But I wheeled, got alongside about the middle of the column and crowded toward the I was material and had weight. I sank into the leaves and the snow and I had to calculate on trees and logs and the dusk in-

reased-it was soon down denser wood. I hurried as I saw that the march would out slantingly across the high rail fence down the now steeper incline and yet all this time I watched the spectral novement should mark the end of this weird

ghostly procession? A projecting limb from a fallen tree came in my way and in-stinctively I grasped it as I passed. It broke with a crack and I hurried on toward the front with it.

Went Through a Fence Like Mist, I deflected a little away from the column to reach the fence sooner—and we were now near the lowest point, but in my hurry I missed my foothold on the rail and lost some seconds. I was close to the rear coffinbearer, on the right hand side. But I cleared the tence, and while my breath was getting short, having come pell-mell nearly 350 yards, I ran along the sence in time to see pathbearers, coffin and procession all go through the obstruction like so much mist. I could distinctly see both rails and

forms at the same time.
But I saw ere yet the procession was through the fence, that the column was slowing up, and I waited, standing in deeper snow by the fence, at the same panel where they passed, to see the robed figures of the rear, of which I had seen the least. I scanned the approaching faces as they came up. The dozen or so preceding the "sisters," as I shall call them, were as young men in later boyhood, but not once did one of the entire throng look at me or

in my direction.

But, in spite of all effort at self-control, I shook as if in an ague tremor, my teeth chattered, not in cowardly fear, but it was a nervous strain, a conviction that some-thing was wrong, was playing false, and all my courage could not avail. I glanced toward the head of the procession, and saw

yes in the next three minutes, might be blotted from all remembrance. The rear end of the procession was slowly closing in to complete the circle, the hooded figures were filing past me-so close that I

could have touched them. A sense of un-utterable loneliness and an increasing some-Leap d Into the Phantom Circ's.

Why it was I know not, but an insane impulse suddenly possessed me to rush into the midst of the ghostly throng, regardless of any earthly proprieties! A light breeze stirred, a flurry of sandy snow was sifting down, the circle was about completed in two ranks sacing inward, the casket-bearers stepped to the center, and evidently something still more solemn was to follow, With chattering teeth and nervous unstradiness I plunged forward to strike into the center, brandishing aloft the limb that I held in my right hand, and I had come to within a few leet of the edge of the circle nearest me, when my foot caught under a treacherous snow-covered snug and I found myself about to full headlong into the midst of the silent, solemn, ghost-like

as perhaps has never yet had a parallel on earth. Something strange, weird, wild, lone, despairing, uncanny—a wail that seemed made up of groan, dving or distant trumpet tone, echo of tolling bell, sighs, muffled shriek, cadenced low and quivering, and with this the wraiths sank shivering into the earth and out of sight. I saw them. as it seemed with my mortal eyes, sink down under the snow surface and disappear as I struck the snowy, underlaid with yield-ing leaves, but the echo of that nameless,

What Appeared on the Morrow.

LOW PRICES SIXTH ST. & PENN AVE. SAVE MONEY

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

MANUFACTURING RETAILERS.

WE ARE THE LEADERS.

This week will end our great Clearance Sale of Blazer and Eton Suits, which has been the greatest and most successful Clearance Sale ever given in this city.

Don't fail to take advantage of the opportunity.

THE PARISIAN CLOAKS ARE THE BEST! THE PARISIAN SUITS ARE THE BEST! THE PARISIAN SILK WAISTS ARE THE BESTI THE PARISIAN STYLES ARE THE BESTI THE PARISIAN PRICES ARE THE LOWEST! THE PARISIAN GARMENTS HAVE NO EQUAL

THE PARISIAN.

WATCH CHAINS.

We will, for this week only, sell a Ladies' or Gents' Rolled Plate Watch Chain, WARRANTED FIVE YEARS FOR WEAR, at the unheard of low price of \$1.50 each.

Cor. Liberty and Smithfield and 311 Smithfield Street.

FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

THE FINEST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.



Men's Finest Calf. Finest Patent Leather, Genuine Kangaroo, Fine Congress Bals and Bluchers Bargain Prices. Every pair fully warranted. WORTH \$4. \$5 AND \$6. NOW ONLY \$2.90.

Ladies' Finest Cloth Top, The Fine Dongola Kid, Newest Style Tips, Latest Style Lasts, Common Sense and Opera, New York or Piccadilly, Every size, every width.

433 AND 435 | WHOLESALE | 406-408-410 WOOD ST. | AND RETAIL. | MARKET ST.

night were about me. I went down and out into the clearing, down onto the road and home.

Bright and early next morning, I went out to revisit the spot; saw my trail in a marvelously straight line as I had kept alongside of the strange marchers, saw my slip in getting on the fence and saw the narks where I fell and my tracks leading

But I saw more than this and this is the most perplexing part, I cannot tell what I saw, and I cannot even tell why I cannot tell what in open day appeared to me in that ravine in the woods on the morning of March 21, 1892. Only this may I mention, and this is far the least of it, within that circle was not a trace of snow, and the carpet of leaves was wet and the circle had a diameter of 21 feet and was geometrically

What was it? I do not certainly know. I have but a provisional opinion. I do not pronound a fully explanatory theory. I wish it had not been.

Try It.

The Disputch. MME. A. RUPPERT'S

Face Bleach Keeps the Skin Free

There is no need of anyone appearing with freckles, tan, sunburn, pempies, ecz.-ma, in fact, any blemish of the skin. Mme. A Rupper's Face Bleach eradicates any o Rupper's Face Bleach erndicates any of these very quickly.

The action of Face Bleach is to draw out the discoloration or impurity. There is no necessity of remaining indoors while using Face Bleach, for if you use it as directed it will not irritate the skin or be noticeable at all, "My success," says Mme. Ruppert, "is due to the fact that I do what I claim to do, that is, to give you a clear, smooth skin by the use of the bleach." St per bottle or three bottles, usually sufficient to clear the skin, \$5. Call or send 6c postage for full particulars.

TO THE LADIES:

It has been our custom to offer something "Special" every week, and this week our specials are unusual bargains in

FAST BLACK HOSE.

Bargain 1-Misses' Ribbed Hose, all sizes, 25c. Bargain 2-A lot of La-

dies' Fast Black Hose, 25c.

Bargain 3—Is our 750 Cashmere Hose at 50c.

SILK MITTS.

This week only, all our 25c Mitts 10c.

Misses' Corsets, small sizes only, worth 65c, go at

Do you know the Double V Corset Waist, worth \$1? We sell it at 25c. Come and see it and you will be surprised.





ers and conferences and other movements of | found themselves in the soup than in the the managers are officially manifolded on a | clover. Still, "clover" cannot be quite typewriter and sent down to the reporters' room. This cuts off the interviewer. For it is officially ancounced that all informa-tion to be given out will be thus sent down

to the reporters' room.

The spacious rooms below are thus the easy avenues of news. For every caller comes in to see Colonel Haynie, and all sit around the reception room and smoke and chat. Things seem to belie Colonel Tom Carter's terse description of affairs there. He said there was plenty of "h-and harmony" at 139.

On Opposite Sides of the Fence. Colonel Tom Cavanaugh, who stands guard over the Republican Zoo at 518 is a fellow townsman of Hon. Bradley B. Smalley, of the Democratic aggregation at 139. Democratic aggregation at 139. They are likewise personal triends. Both-live at Burlington, Vt., when they are at home and not sacrificing themselves on the altar of their common country. Colonel Tom calls his Democratic compatriot "Brad" and the latter calls his Republican

compatriot "Tom. The other day a lady of large girth and some 350 pounds avoirdupois relieved a pair of Colonel Shepherd's stage horses from physical prostration, and toiled up the cristocratic brown-stone steps of the Republican mansion. It was a very hot day, and when the lady reached the outer manctum and sunk into the nearest chair the personnel of th the perspiration was trickling down behind ears, running in li tle rivulets down her fleshy checks and dropping in miniature waterfalls from her nose and chin. Where all this overflow went to was a poser, as the

black dress fit her like wax.
"Dear! dear!" she gasped, "I'm all out of Colonel Tom is accustomed to being ad-dressed as "dear" by the ladies and did not lose his presence of mind. He rushed for the cooler and brought a goblet of ice

Col. Tem's Joke on Col. Brad.

"Thank you. You are very kind," said she when she had partaken of the refreshing draught. "It is so dreadfully warm-I five in Brooklyn-why, it's positively-I came over to see-will you please give me just a little sup of the ice water again. nel Tom supped her again. He handed her a fan and got a grateful smile

"Take your time, madam," said Colonel Tom, in his most soothing tone-"take your

In a few minutes she came to sufficiently to enter upon the object of her visit. "You nee I'm from Brooklyn-and I'm one of the Ladies' Relief Committee and I thought I

Oh, certainly, medam; certainly," quickly interrupted Colonel Tom. "I un-derstand. You stopped at the wrong place. Quite natural, but still an error. What you want to do is to go to 139 Fifth avenue. This is 518. Now at 139 you will find Colonel Smalley, Colonel Bradley B. Emalley, an excellent gentleman. He has charge of all those things-Here, I'll give you his name on a card. The stage downtown goes right to the door. Colonel Smalley-he will fix you all right."

"Let's see"-looking at his watch-"you'll caten him juss about this hour of the day. There's a stage." And before the stout relief lady from Bracklyn could collect her scattered senses she whs ambling down the brown stone stoop, and a moment later was stuck in the

stage door. How Colonel Brad, Got Even. Colonel Smalley declines to say whether the Ladies' Relief Committee ever got there, or whether and how much he con-tributed to her relief; but the inference that the scheme worked gathers strength from the fact that a counter plot was immediate-

ly laid and hatched a few days later. Iwo pretty young ladies-one very young lady and one not so young, to be exact-called at Democratic headquarters. They had two paste board boxes and passed into the reception room and modestly retired to the rear, where bland Jimmie Oliver Colonel Haynie and "Mickey" inspected the contents of the boxes. There was con-

siderable speculation indulged in by those in front as to what they were. "Probably corsets," suggested one. In the meantime Smalley happened to pass that way and saw that they were cam-

paign badge designs for marching clubs and so on. Here was Smalley's opportunity for 'You go right up to 518 Fifth avenue." said he, 'and you can make a deal. The stage goes right to the door. Ask for Colonel Tom Cavanaugh. You'll find him in the reception room. Tell him Smalley

"Is your name Smalley?" inquired the elder young lady, fumbling in her pocket for a card. "Yes, Bradley B. Smalley," replied that

gentleman, his bright eyes glistening through those shaggy brows—"tell him Emaller sent yon."

"Why, good gracious!" exclaimed both ladies in chorus, "Colonel Cavanaugh just

The Advent of Southern Politicians. It is a significant fact that there are evidences of political helplessness down South at present rarely if ever before presented to a National Democratic Committee. The cry for help comes from three or four different States. The sight of prominent Southerners about beadquarters used to be a rare one, their section being able to take care of itself. In other words it was "solid." The result was but a question of majorities. Times have wonderfully changed when the Southern S ares begin to knock at the doors of the National Democratic Committee and beg for Northern cash. This change will offset the similar Republican dificulties in

Western and Northwestern localities where the old time Republican majorities are whittled down to a doubt. The campaign poet has put in his appearance, officially. Personally his appearance is not all polite and ricochet society could wish—being a painful reminder of the boarding house hash concreted from yesterday's leavings but beneath all his disguise we know him. His scheme is to organize a system of glee clubs throughout the country. He yearns for his country and a square meal. "Let me write my country's songs," says he, "and I care not who holds the offices." The campaign poet is bounded by no narrow lines of partisan prejudices. He simply bursts torth in song at so much a burst. And as he must burst one way or another anyhow, he will slop over on any newspaper that will kindly give space to his clusions. If the newspapers will not print him there are penny sheets sold on Park Row that will. But be very properly thinks the wear and tear of getting rhymes on Stevenson's front name should be recompensed by the National

Committee. Samples of Campaign Poetry. Such efforts as these demand official recognition:

From force bills and boyus protection

From force bills and borns protection
This tax-burdened country to free
Tis our duty at next fall's election,
So that in the year 'mnety-three,
When the tourists from Europe come over,
The fair to explore, they'll espy
At the head of the peop e our Grover,
Ably backed up by stannoh Ad-la-i.

"Staunch Ad-la-i" ought to attend to this, too, another warble, kicking up its musical heels to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-

For Grover rend the sky! Hooray for Adia! When winds of March do blow, They'll to the White House go. And this chorus to 14 verses of politics, "Marching Through Georgia: Hooray, hooray, we'll shout our battle cry;

y, hooray, for Grover and Adia; put them in the White House, then won't benny sigh;
We'll route the G. O. P. in next November. There may be some confusion in the cam-paign poet's mind with regard to the Democratic Vice Presidental candidate's Biblical cognomen, but his head is sound on the

main question: Oh, have you heard our campaign song?
"Four more years of Grover."
A simple ditty and not long,
Ends "We'll be in clover."

You can just bet they will—maybe. Grover was mighty queer about his appointments the last time, and more campaigners

ignored as a rhyme.

There is a good deal of domestic leavening in this political poetry—which, considered as a Democratic whole, deals chiefly with the tariff and other solid unpoetical facts, and as a Republican whole lays rather too much stress upon the alleged defection of David Bennett Hill, knifing, etc. Take these alternate samples as indicative of the campaign poet's tender tamily relations: chonus.

Getting Down to Family Matters.

rWe hate to heat poor Grover, CHORUS.

Three cheers for the year 'ninety-three,
Turee cheers for the year 'ninety-three;
For then Baby Ruth and Pa Grover Democratic: Onst Grandpa and Baby Mo-

And much more that is equally painful and squally.

As above remarked, there is a rythmic tendency in the campaign poet to bank up Democratic disagreements. For in-

I'm Grover Cleveland from Buffalo, I work my thinker and never blow; I've got my grin, and I'll stay right there, While the leaders cuss, and the leaders

swear;
I take it serenely: I know my chance,
I hold up the party by the seat of its pants This is an "allowable rhyme:"

No "grease of goose." nor olive oil,
No "grease of goose." nor olive oil,
Nor whisky from the still.
Can smooth the way or heal the fend
"Twixt Grover C and Hid.
One wears a pistol in his belt,
The otner, I believe,
Keeps a knite stack in his boot
And a tazor up his sieeve.

facts—not to campaign poetry at least. The campaign poet goes to Henry Watterson for his in this ripper: Mine eyes have seen the glory of the whetting of the knile;
It is dancing on the grindstone with impatience or the strife,
It will have a razor edge on, you can bet your little life,
When Hill goes marching on.
Chorus:

We are walking thro's slaughter house into an open grave, etc.

Ringing the Changes on Tin. There is less gore-is really a kind of set-'em-up-again historical hilarity—about this verse of ten, half of which consists of "hurrah" and "hurray:"

The Democrats who hope to win Will be boxed up in "American tin," And we'll all feel gay While Bennie holds down the chair. Mr. E. J. Seymour has just issued a book of campaign poetry in the interests of the Republican party. Some knowledge of Mr. Seymour's idea of poetry and politics may be gained from the following verses from different poems:

Though he wears Grandpapa's hat, He never goes out upon a "bat,"
He never goes out upon a "bat,"
And always knows just "where he's at."
Ta ra ra boom ter Reid,
We're cer ain to succeed
With Harrison and Reid,

For they're the men we need. Tommy wrote a little book in which he blew his horn, How he held that Congress up to ridicule How he waded into Cobb, for being full of

Hurrah for Tom Watson of Georgia. Gnous: Hurrah! Hurrah! I was a Democrat; Hurrah! Hurrah! I don't know where Pm at, But when I catch a Congressman a talking through his hat, I'll show him up, said Watson of Georgia. On the whole, the campaign poet deserves well of his country, as his is about the only

Basn't Decided Which to Leave. Colonel Lee Crandall, of Washington City, able editor, political speculator and city, able editor, positical speculator and prominent leader of the People's party, is at that state of affairs would convict himself of knowing precious little about what a conservatory ought to be—even less, perhaps, then deadquarters nor Democratic headquarters," said he. "I should like to see the brown side of the bapless superintendent himself, who might be well aware of his own unfitness and deeply dissatisfied with the state of ness and deeply dissatisfied with the state of four years ago, which practically ended her vinced that the son could not produce such a sound, which she thought continued a full management. It is fitting and proper that the plutocratic powers should seek Firth avenue in New York. Next to Wall street

it is the most significant location. We have no national headquarters. Our headquarters are in the saddle and on the tended field. And we are scaring these fellows to deathyes, sir; scaring them to death."
"What States do you think you will carry this tall?" I inquired.

"We have not decided as yet what States we will leave for the two old parties. We will carry all of the States west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, and probably Maine and Illinois. We will leave a few scattering boroughs here and there—just which ones we have not determined upon. There is going to be a shak-ing up all round this fail—yes, sir, a shak-ing up all round."

Rival Beauties at Headquarters. Secretary Lewis F. McComas, of Repub-lican headquarters, has been called the du le of that political establishment. His claims are not wholly founded on a white flannel suit. Mr. McComas' style of beauty is un-doubtedly of a high order and goes in Baltimore, where handsome men are rare and handsome women are plentiful. Bu-in New York we have men in the Bowery who can knock him out, though some of these have, it is true, been taken in out of the sunshine by the police. Mr. McComas bas a rival in his own office. I dislike to call his attention to it for fear of the consequences to one or both parties. This rival is a young man named Smith-think of that! Not a common, every day Smith, but an aristocratic H. Van V. Smith, I don't know what "H. Van V." stands for, but it is something 'way up on the tree. Young Smith is private stenographer to Colonel Tom Carter. He was with him in the Land Office, and with him Colonel Tom Carter is enabled to do a land office business in New York. Smith is so handsome that he dare not look out of the window upon Fifth avenue for fear of the disastrous effect upon the belies that reck-lessly promens a that thoroughfare. The other day the handsome stenographer for-got himself and gazed pensively out upon the sidewalk just as a couple of ladies passed. Now one of those girls haunts the neighborhood for a glimpse of Smith. One of Colonel Shepherd's stage horses caught sight of him the other day, and staggering along for a few yards tell down and gave up the ghost. In the early evening when

Colonel Carter is out of town young Smith comes down town and decorates the front of the Fifth avenue, Go 'long with your McComases! They are not in it. Wants Pay for the Slaves, "The South will never be solid again until we get paid for our niggers," said Colonel Durham, eminent Kentuckian, at Democratic headquarters. "When the Democratic party puts a plank in its national platform pronouncing for pay for our niggers who were stolen from us by the Emancipation proclamation, it will receive

the undivided support of the Southern peo-'Negroes and all?" "Niggers and all-yes, sir. Every old nigger in Kentucky would vote to go back into slavery, for it would give him a comfortable home for the rest of his life. What we want is not slavery-we are better without it. But we want pay for those niggers?" "The State of Indiana is to be fighting ground this campaign," said Hon. W. D. Bynum, of the Hoosier Commonwealth. "The skirmishing has already begun, I think Harrison would rather be

defeated for the Presidency than lose In-"How about the Scott Ray kickers against Cleveland?"
"Why, they're booked for one of the biggest demonstrations in Shelbyville ever made in the State," said Mr. Bynum, "Governor Gray will take an active part in the canvass," said Mr. Bynum. "He will be at the Shelbyville barbecue next

CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

MUSIC

A Few More Words as to the Proper

Thing in Organ Recitals. POSSIBILITIES IN LIGHT OPERA. Promise of Great Things in the Programme

for the World's Fair.

at Carnegie Hall, printed in this department three weeks ago, it is needless to devote further space to showing what are the lacts in the matter. However, since a certain more or less musical gentleman still persists in publishing his own satisfaction with the sorry stuff, poorly played, that masquerades in the "organ recitals," and particularly because it is an unique and should be an exceedingly valuable public institution which is being so wretchedly mismanaged, it is desirable to keep up the agitation aiming at reform. There is some-

The Phipps conservatory, about to be erected in Schenley Park, will be, it is expected, the finest in the country, a local institution to which our people will proudly point as being unequaled elsewhere. Such is the expectation, based upon the plans of the building and the amount of Mr. Phipps'

generous gitt.

But suppose that, when the handsome structure is finished, the powers that be, instead of engaging an expert in horticulture, should place the whole thing in the hands of some pleasant and politic We do not go to poetry for statistical the hands of some pleasant and politic person, some estimable gentleman whose knowledge of plants was gained chiefly from pottering sround his own vegetable garden and front yard, and whose other occupations would prevent him from giving more than a few hours a week to the new conservatory. Suppose that he, doing the best he had learned how to do, should devote the

space at his command principally to the and there. Let us also suppose that a great many people among the crowds frequenting the park should find it convenient to go in bohm Tree. there out of the rain or heat and sit in the grateful shelter to rest, meet friends and

How about our boasted conservatory under such conditions? Would the public, indignant at such a perversion of the splendid plans, be sacisfied on being told, apologetically, that the superintendent was trying to do his best, and had really improved during the year? Would botany lovers and others seriously bent on learning something of horticulture be content on being pointed

to the orange tree and the cactus and, per-haps, a tew other ill-raised exotics standing And when the everyday folks, for whose real benefit the gitt is chiefly meant, should come out eager to see and enjoy the floral beauties and rareties that they would never be able to see except in such a fine, public conservatory, would it suffice to say, "Oh, the people in general don't know anything about horticulture; they couldn't even prosounce the names of the rare plants that the professors rave over. What the people want to see are the geraniums, cabbages, really patriotic campaign work that is

lady slippors, turnips, dockweed and pan-sies they are familiar with and can appre-ciate. Why, lots of people come in here now; what more do you want?'
Nobody would be tooled by such talk.

Are the people really fooled by the same kind of talk about the similar state of aftairs at the Alleghenv free "organ recitals? It not, how much longer are they going to tolerate the perve sion of that coatly organ, placed in the city's music hall so that there might be freely given to the people the beauties and rareties of good organ

music which they never have any chance of hearing elsewhere?

Ah, how proud we are of having the only "City Organist" and the only city organ in the country, now that the office and the instrument, which might be justly cetebrated, are in fact used to perpetrate a ridiculous burlesque upon the name, "organ recital."

A Chance in Light Opera. There is too much writing of symphonies, concertos and suites nowadays by overambitious composers whose talents would find proper exercise and much more appreciation in writing something lighter and less formal and writing it well. It looks now as though there might be a chance for some of these zealous, studious young composers to turn to the light opera field, with Some hope of meeting worthy success.

There are signs of decadence about the so-called comic operas, with their topical songs, local gags and Amazon marches, that have held the boards so long to the exciu-

DeKoven's "Robin Hood," as played by the Bostonians, Marie Tempest's legitimate comedy opera successes, and Kelley's "Puritania" run are straws that show how the public welcomes the day of better things. Mr. Kelley's great success is particularly encouraging. With a company of such people as Pauline Hall, Louise Beaudet and Fred Solomon, all identified with the lower kind of "comic opera," his "Puritania" is nearing the 75th night of its run at the Tremont Theater, Boston. Beside this proof of the popular hit, place what is said by the critics, as represented by Mr. F. H. Jenks in the Boston Musical Heratd

this month:

sion of anything really deserving the name

this month;

Let us now consider the music which has commanded high admiration from comoisseurs of cultivated tasts and rips Judgment, and which has also mightly pieused those amateurs who make no pre ense to critical acumen. It is no mean triumph, this satisfaction of all classes or music lovers, and it is larrely caused by these characteristics in Mr. Kelley's music: Brightness—There is not a dull moment in the work; captivating rhythm—Offenbach could not be more persuasive; clearly formed melodies—Arthur Sullivan might well be envious—and expressive of the sense of the words, as well. The orchestral coloring has the ingenuity, expressiveness, piquancy and economy that are distinguishin; characteristics of the modern French school; and the composer shows fine technical skill in so deploying the forces at his command as to give to the ear the impression of a mighty host. Whether the modulation be into a aearly rolated or into a remote key, the hearer does not feel that it is commonlate or is strained. A faculty in imitation, canon and development is here and there displayed, but with no air of pedantry, these scholarly attainments being brought i to play with a quiet reserve that often prevents their exhibitions from being detected at a first hearing. The portions assigned to voices inve a cons ant vocal quality, by no means the least praiseworthy feature of the operatia.

The catalogue of good points in this little masterpiece could be easily extended. Whatever blemisues there are in the music, they are so lew and so brief—having in mind the purpose and the character of the operation that, it is better, infinitely better, as a musical work, than all the cutter that has come to us from Millocker, Jacobowski and Straus, despite the financial success that has attended ventures with operas by these composers. Hespectful consideration is due to "Puritania" for its free-dam from yoosal waitzes, topical songs and Let us now consider the music which he

Amazon marches, if for no other reason. Its production is an augury of a possible return MARCHING PHANTOMS. All this means more to Mr. Kelley and to America's musical progress than a whole stack of cut-and-dry symphonies on the

EUDGET OF GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

After the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals,"

All private in this density of the extended common of the dedication of the Exposition buildings, October 21, 1892, to write which he was especially commissioned by the Exposition. Protessor Paine has provided these original words for the choral ending of his composition.

All privated in this density.

All privated in this density.

State:

Columbian march and chorus to be performed on the occusion of the dedication of the Exposition buildings, October 21, 1892, to write which he was especially commissioned by the Exposition. Protessor Paine has provided these original words for the choral ending of his composition.

All private in the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the Allegheny free "organ recitals," State of the extended statement with reference to the extended st

State; Procisim to all mankind the world's new

the World's Fair music that have found their way into print, it may be well to cor-rect the impression that Mr. Florence Ziegfeld's enterprise, "The International Temple of Music," has aught to do with the Exposition itself. It is simply one of the many private sch-mes for entertaining the visiting multi-tude while in Chicago. Nor is it true that Sousa's new Marine Band has been engaged for anything more than to assist dedicatory exercises in October. It forms no part, as yet, in the general scheme for the Exposition itself.

rejoicing over the superb plans for the

The musical news by cable from London last night is as follows: The phenomenal success of the music halls during the past season is having an effect upon London's theatrical and musical caterers. During the coming season quite a flood of new burlesques and comic operas are promised. In addition to the conversion of the Royal English Opera House into a music hall, the Royalty, Olympic and probably the Shaltesbury theaters intend to forsake the serious line. The new burraising of nice turnips, cabbages, tomatoes and the like, with a good many weeds among them, a lot of pretty, common door-yard flowers along the walks and even such curiosities as a scraggy orange tree or a sickly cactus here and there. Let us also suppose that a creat of the serious line. The new pursues are too numerous to mention, but as the provincial demand is equal to that of London there is little doubt that all of them will get a trial. Mr. Robert L. Buchanan, the playwright, will make his first at the provincial demand is equal to that of London there is little doubt that all of them will get a trial. Mr. Robert L. Buchanan, the playwright, will make his first attempt at comic opera this season, besides

bolm Tree.
It is understood that Miss Decima Moore will be the heroine of the new comic opera with which Mr. Levenson intends to open the new Trafalgar Square Theater early in September. A three-act comic opera by Mr. Howard Talbot has just been finished. It is called "The Mahatma," and is said to be brimful of charming music. The libretto is by Mr.

Edgar Lee and contains a very clever paro-dy on theosophy which cannot help being more amusing than the real thing.

The musical season will commence this vear somewhat earlier than usual. Signor Lago's autumn operas will be given at the Olympic Theater. He intends to try the experiment of commencing the performances earlier than 8 o'clock. He has been induced to try this innovation by recent complaints that the Covent Garden operas conclude so late that patrons living at a distance are obliged to leave before they

for their homes Mr. Henschel has accepted an invitation to conduct a concert in September at the Vienna dramatical and musical exhibition. He will play his "Hamlet" music. Paderewski will shortly open a popular ncert season.

are finished in order to catch the last train

M. Saint Saens has accepted an invitation

Mr. Charles Couch leaves to-morrow for Mountain Lake Park, Md., to help out Mi. W. S. Weeden give a performance of Belshazzar' at that place. MR. JOHN GERNERT'S new comic opera, "1 Jenks), furnishes one of the selections heard between the acts at the Bijou this week. Prince for a Day" (text by Mr. George C.

Crotchets an ! Quavers.

MR. OVIDE MUSIN, with his concert com pany, is closing a successful tour in Austrain and will begin his seventh American season in October. Manager Johnston re-ports 138 engagements alrendy made for the coming tour of the Belgian violin virtuoso. MR. WILLIAM GUENTHER gives the last of his series of summer night entertainments at Siver Lake Grove the coming Thursday evening. The orchestral programme in-clude-Flotow's "Martha" overture, and is varied by a flute solo played by Mr.

Suenther. THE Duquesne Theater, during the week a "comedy operatic speciacle," and for which the music—what there is of it—has been written by W. W. Furst. Chicago and Boston say it is clever and amusing.

Miss Alice H. Ornsby, of Chicago, late vocal instructions at Grove City College, Pa., will sing this morning at the First Chiratian Church, Allegheny. In the even ing the choir at this church will be assisted by Mrs. J. Sharp McDonald, Miss Ormsby, Mr. F. M. Stevenson, of Oil City, Mr. Fred Holden and others. Mr. W. S. GILBERT, ballad and boo kmaker

has ound some one else to quarrel with.

get bigger houses and some profits. Mrs. Alfred Cellier, the composer's widow, is content to reduce her 4 per cent to 2 per cent, but the unaccommodating librettist insists on going ahead at the same fat rate of 10 per cent without risk. him cut matinee rates and salaries so as to Boston Home Journal: Verily the lot of a singer is not always a happy one. Miss Juch has reached home after one of the most disastrous seasons on record. I regret this young woman's ill luck or bad management

exceedingly, for she has a lovely voice, and is always most conscientious and artistic in her work. Not only that, she is a student, her repertoire being very large and varied. She is a pretty woman, and one of the best actresses on the operatic stage. Some of her company have been obliged to literally walk home. During the coming fall and winter 150 concerts will be given by Walter Damrosen and the Symphony Orchestra, of New York. These will include the Symphony and Oratorio Society public rehearsals and con torio Society public renearsais and concerts, the young people's public concerts and Sunday night concerts to be given in Carnegie Music Hall, New York, and a series of subscription concerts in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington Providence, Hartford, Trenton, Orange, Midletown and New London. During April and May, 1893, the orchestra will make an extended tour through Canada and the Western States.

Last Excursion to Atlantic City Via the B. & O. Railroad, Thursday, August 25, at the popular rate of \$10 the round trip; tickets nood to 12 days, and rood to stop at Philadelphia, Railtimore and Washington returning Trains leave Pittsburg at 8 a. M. and 9:20 P. M.

the Western States.

TEAMSTERS, expressmen, liverymen, if needing a horse attend Arnheim sale, Thursday, August 25, at 10 o'clock A. M. People Coming Home Are now seeking rooms for the fall. So if you wish your vacant room occupied advertise it at once in the Rooms to Let cents word advertising columns of THE DIS-

SNALL in size, great in results: De Witt Little Early Risers, Best pill for constipation best for sick headacne and sour stomach. BARGAINS in bloye es, new and secon hand, advertised in the cent-a-word columns of the Sunday DISPATCH. Wheelmen can operas by these composers. itespectful con-sideration is due to "Puritania" for its free-dsm from vocal waitzes, topical songs and save money by reading these adicts.

Worth \$4, \$4.50, \$5 and \$6. NOW ONLY \$2.90.

that a circle was forming, the pallbearers nearly ready to halt, having come far enough around to face me 30 yards away.

And now what?

Would what followed in the next five,

thing like terror came on me.

group!

But now there went forth a sound such mearthly, sepulchral wail it seems will not

Everyone who has a vacant room can have it soon rented by advertising it in the rooms to let cent-a word advertising columns of

